him to our sister, whose minde & mine I know in that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that still would manage those authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and must be vsed with checkes as flatteries, when they are seene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, Ile write straight to my sister to hold my very course; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech defuse, my good intent may carry through it selfe to that full issue for which I raizd my likenesse; now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd, thy master whom thou loueſt, shall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not stay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man sir.

Lear. What dost thou professe? what wouldst thou with vs?

Kent. I doe professe to bee no lesse then I seeme, to serue him truely that wil put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and saies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a subiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldst thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent. No sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale

tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young to loue a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you sirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So please you———

Lear. What saies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's asleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He saies my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Seruant. Sir, he answered me in the roundest mannner, hee would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, saist thou so?

Seruant. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purport of vnkindnes; I will look further into it, but wher's this foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Seruant. Since my young Ladies going into *France* sir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my